

MARVEL

2

**PAKNADEL
BAZALDUA
GURIEL**

Lee Intyuk

**RED
GOBLIN**



NORMIE OSBORN is the son of Harry Osborn and Liz Allan and grandson of the Green Goblin, Norman Osborn.

Since before Normie's birth, his family has been ensnared in the web of Spider-Man, and, recently, the love, lust and lies that have connected the wall-crawler to the Osborns for so long cost Harry his life and Normie his father.

Normie's involvement in super-powered intrigue has grown even more complicated than that, as after a brief rivalry, he has developed a friendship with **DYLAN BROCK**, the current host to the Venom symbiote and son of the original Venom, Eddie Brock. In need of allies, Dylan gave Normie an alien symbiote that Normie has dubbed Rascal. But the young symbiote is inexperienced, aggressive, and Normie has struggled to keep it under control.

Now they face their first test: A resurgent **GOBLIN NATION** under the command of a resurrected Phil Urich, A.K.A. the **GOBLIN KING**, has kidnapped Norman!

RED GOBLIN

WRITER: **ALEX PAKNADEL**

ARTIST: **JAN BAZALDUA**

COLOR ARTIST: **DAVID CUIEL**

LETTERER: VC's **JOE CARAMAGNA**

COVER ARTIST: **INHYUK LEE**

VARIANT COVER ARTISTS: **RYAN STEGMAN & BRAD ANDERSON; JUNGGEUN YOON**

SENIOR DESIGNER:
ADAM DEL RE

ASSOCIATE EDITOR:
TOM GRONEMAN

EDITOR:
DEVIN LEWIS

EDITOR IN CHIEF:
C.B. CEBULSKI

HEH.

YOU KNOW, NORMAN. MY GOBLINS HAD TO SOURCE A CARBONADIUM-TIPPED CANNULA JUST TO BREAK YOUR SKIN.

THEY SAID IT WAS LIKE DRILLING THROUGH AN *ENGINE BLOCK*...

...WHICH IS FUNNY BECAUSE THE *VERY LAST* ADJECTIVE I WOULD EVER USE TO DESCRIBE YOU IS "THICK-SKINNED."

I MEAN, YOU TURNED YOURSELF INTO A LITERAL *MONSTER* IN A FIT OF PIQUE!

WHO *DOES* THAT?!

AND AS FOR WHAT YOU DID TO YOUR OWN SON...

...HEROD THE GREAT'S GOT *NOTHING* ON YOU, OLD MAN.

WATER.

OH, COME ON, NORMAN! THE GOBLIN FORMULA'S PRESENT IN *EVERY CELL* IN YOUR BODY...

...DON'T BEGRUDGE ME A FEW DROPS OF *BLOOD* NOW.

ACTUALLY, COME TO THINK OF IT...



...I
MAY HAVE
OVERDONE
IT JUST
A TAD.

STILL...LESS
THAN YOU AND THAT
PSYCHOTIC RED
SYMBIOTE TOOK
FROM ME.

YOU **TORE**
ME APART,
NORMAN. BOTH
OF YOU.

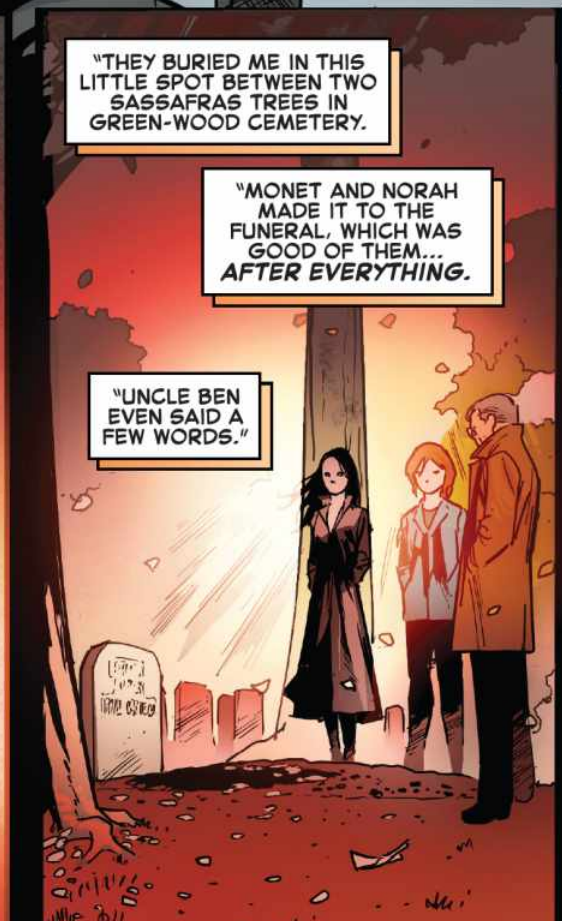
IT WASN'T
A QUICK DEATH
YOU GAVE ME
EITHER.

"I HAD TO WATCH MY OWN
STEAMING INSIDES SPOOL OUT
OF ME LIKE AN OLD CASSETTE
TAPE. CAN YOU IMAGINE?"

"THEY BURIED ME IN THIS
LITTLE SPOT BETWEEN TWO
SASSAFRAS TREES IN
GREEN-WOOD CEMETERY.

"MONET AND NORAH
MADE IT TO THE
FUNERAL, WHICH WAS
GOOD OF THEM...
AFTER EVERYTHING.

"UNCLE BEN
EVEN SAID A
FEW WORDS."





AND IF I'D BEEN ANYONE ELSE, THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN IT.

I *WISH* IT HAD BEEN.

"I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'RE AWARE OF THIS, BUT IT TURNS OUT THAT YOUR--SORRY, **DOCTOR STROMM'S**--GOBLIN FORMULA REVERSES CELL DEATH.

"OR SHOULD I SAY, **PARTIALLY** REVERSES.

"GOTTA SAY, BEING IN YOUR OWN BODY AS IT **ROTS INTO MULCH** IS QUITE THE NOVEL SENSATION. I COULD WRITE A BOOK.

"I CLEARLY COULDN'T GO BACK TO MY OLD LIFE, SO I CAME **HERE**--TO WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE GOBLIN NATION **YOU** BUILT.

"SEWERS ARE SUCH WELCOMING PLACES, NORMAN. THEY NEVER TURN YOU AWAY, AND YOU CAN STAY JUST AS LONG AS YOU PLEASE."



AND HERE I **ROTTED** WHILE YOU SOARED UP THERE IN YOUR ARMOR OF GOLD, BASKING IN THE ADULATION OF YOUR FORMER VICTIMS.

BUT YOU **KNEW** WE WERE STILL DOWN HERE, DIDN'T YOU? ALL THE **DARLING LITTLE MONSTERS** YOU'D ABANDONED.



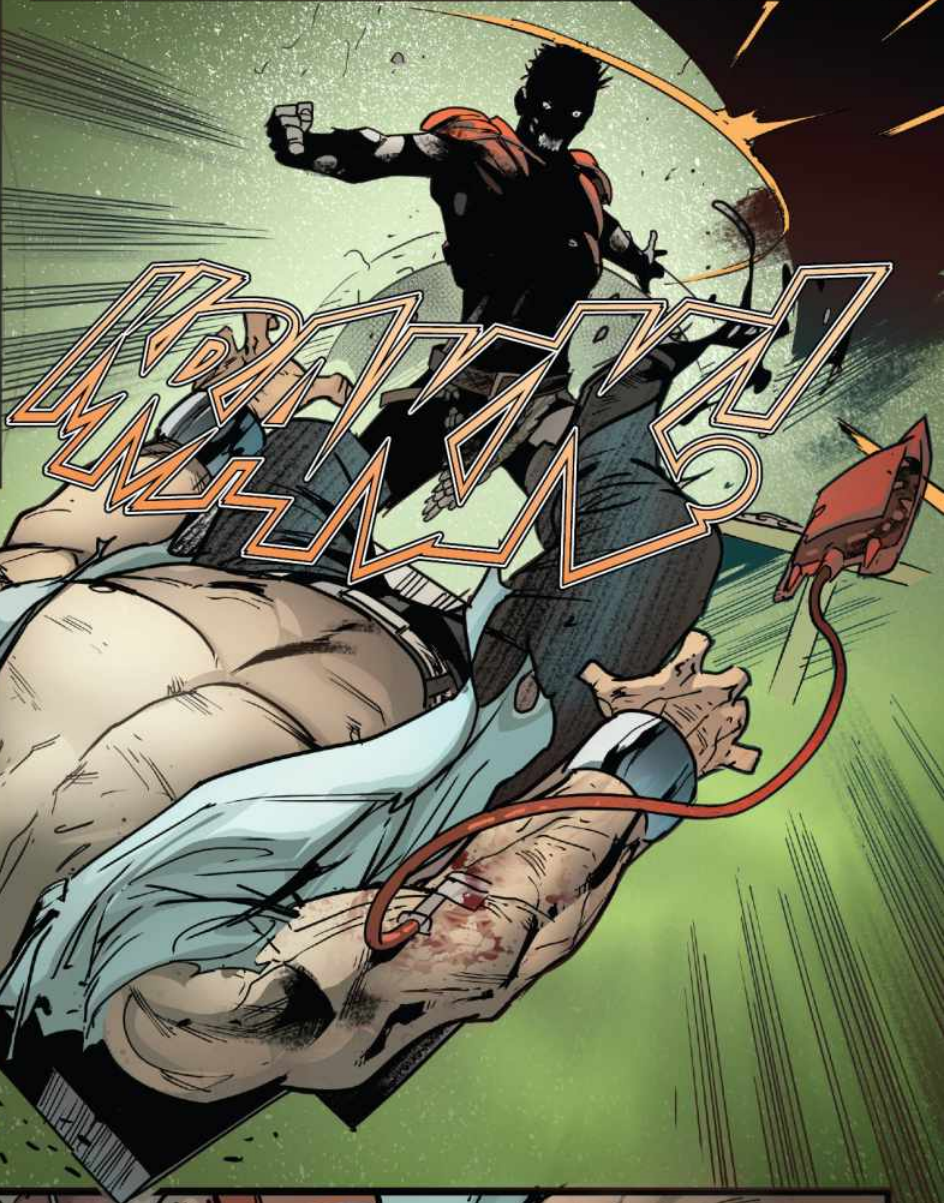
SO YOU SENT YOUR
RED ASSASSIN--
OR WHOEVER'S
WEARING IT THESE
DAYS--TO TIE UP ALL
YOUR LOOSE ENDS,
hmmm?

SMART.



PHIL,
I--I SWEAR
I HAD NO IDEA
ABOUT ANY
OF THIS.

YOU
NEED HELP,
SON.

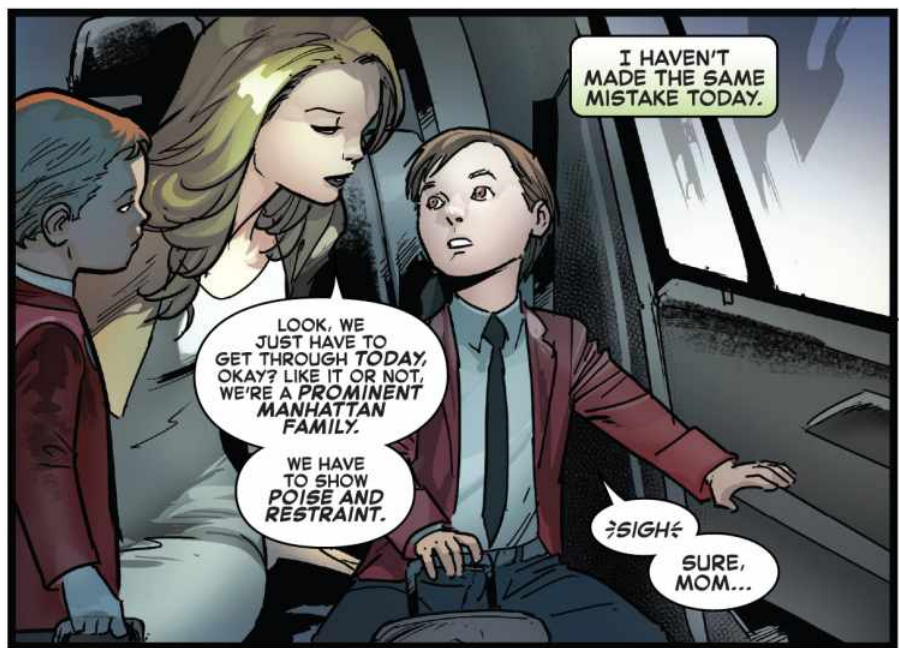


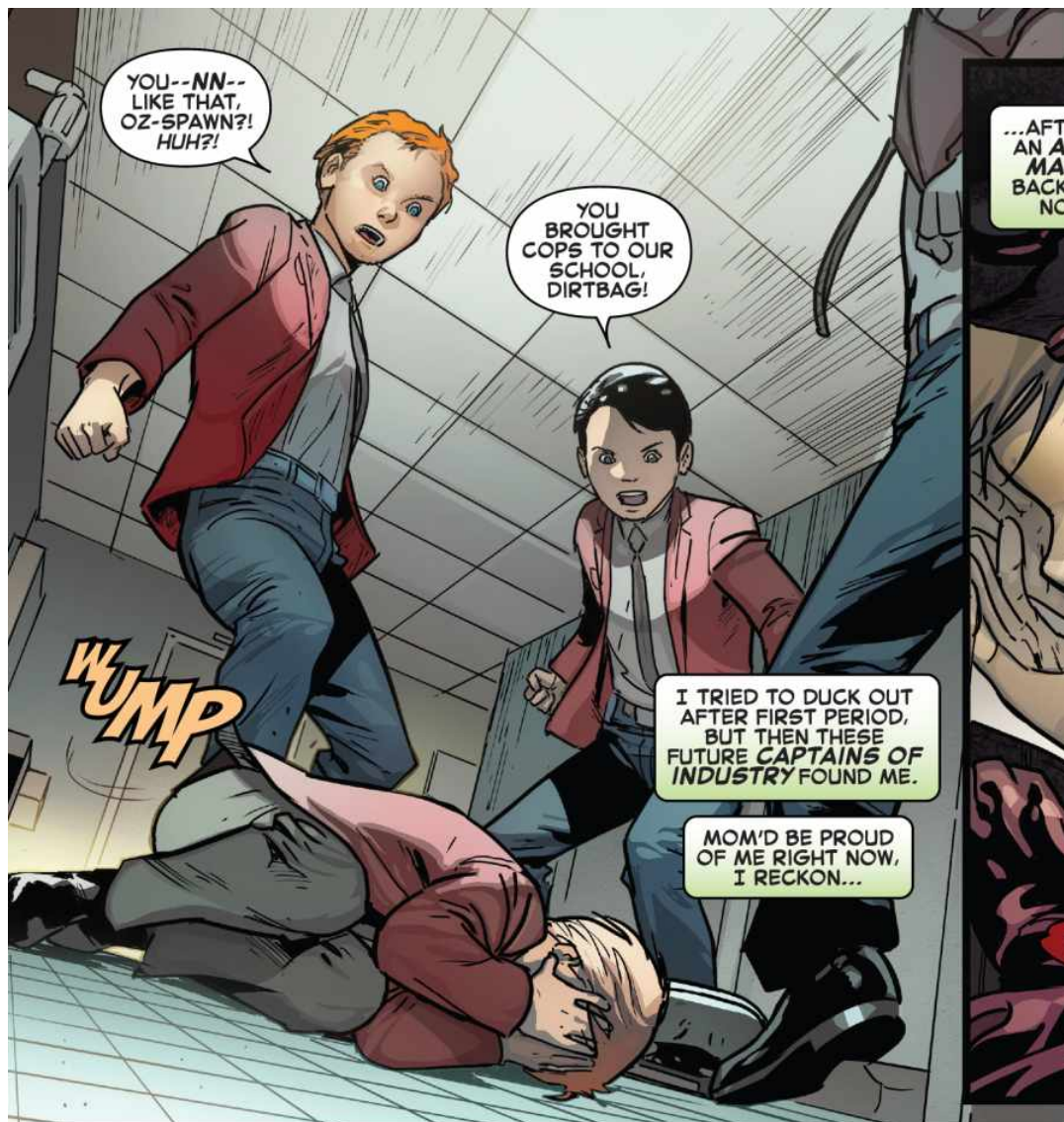
UGGH!



YOU'RE
ABSOLUTELY
RIGHT, NORMAN. I
NEED HELP. JUST
NOT IN THE WAY
YOU THINK.

I KNOW
THAT THING'S
GOING TO COME
FOR YOU...





YOU--NN--
LIKE THAT,
OZ-SPAWN?!
HUH?!

YOU
BROUGHT
COPS TO OUR
SCHOOL,
DIRTBAG!

WUMP

I TRIED TO DUCK OUT
AFTER FIRST PERIOD,
BUT THEN THESE
FUTURE CAPTAINS OF
INDUSTRY FOUND ME.

MOM'D BE PROUD
OF ME RIGHT NOW,
I RECKON...



...AFTER ALL, I HAVE
AN ALIEN KILLING
MACHINE IN MY
BACKPACK AND I'M
NOT USING IT.

NNNOOORRRMIEEE?!



HOW'S THAT
FOR POISE AND
RESTRAINT?

WHUCK!

NNGGG!!!



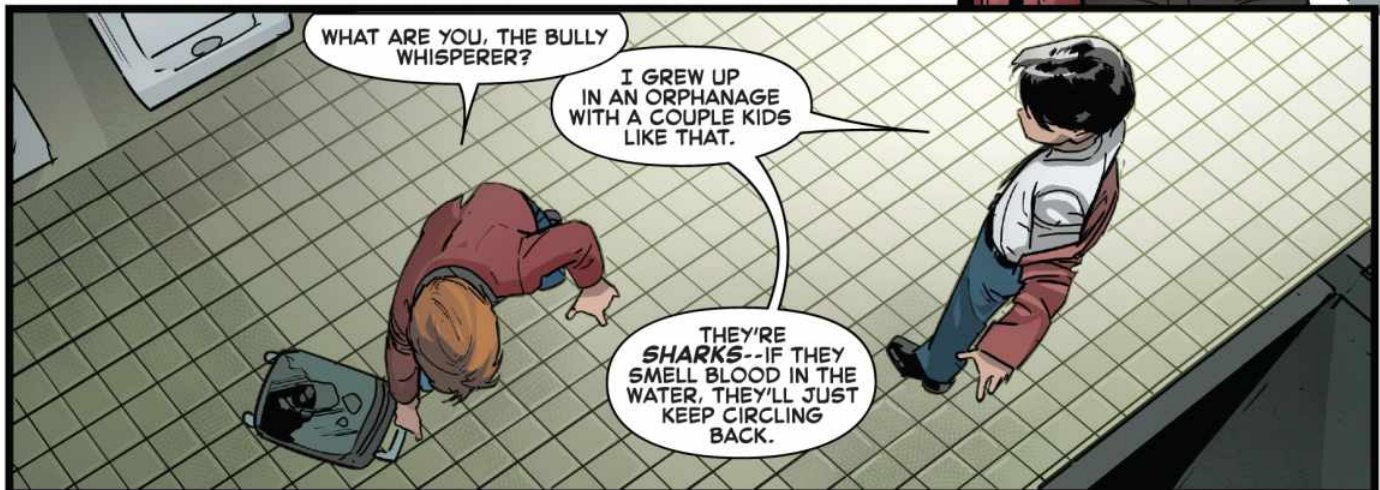
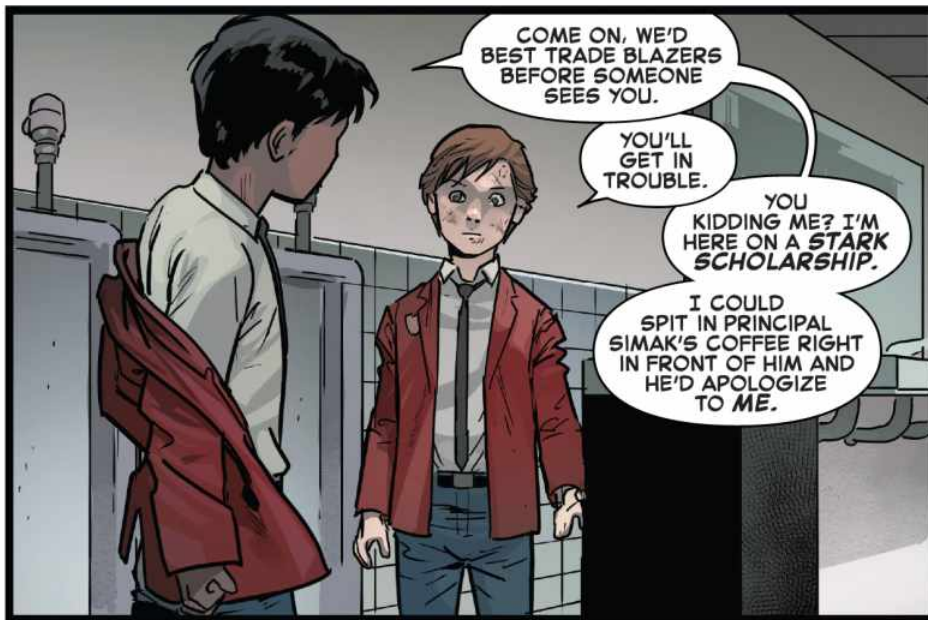
THREE AGAINST
ONE, HUH?
SEE, THAT JUST
DOESN'T SIT
RIGHT WITH ME.

YOU'RE
DEAD,
NEW KID.

REALLY?
THEN HOW
COME YOU'RE
THE ONE ON
THE FLOOR?



RUN ALONG
NOW, YA LITTLE
YACHT SNOTS--
NORDSTROM'S
A-CALLING!



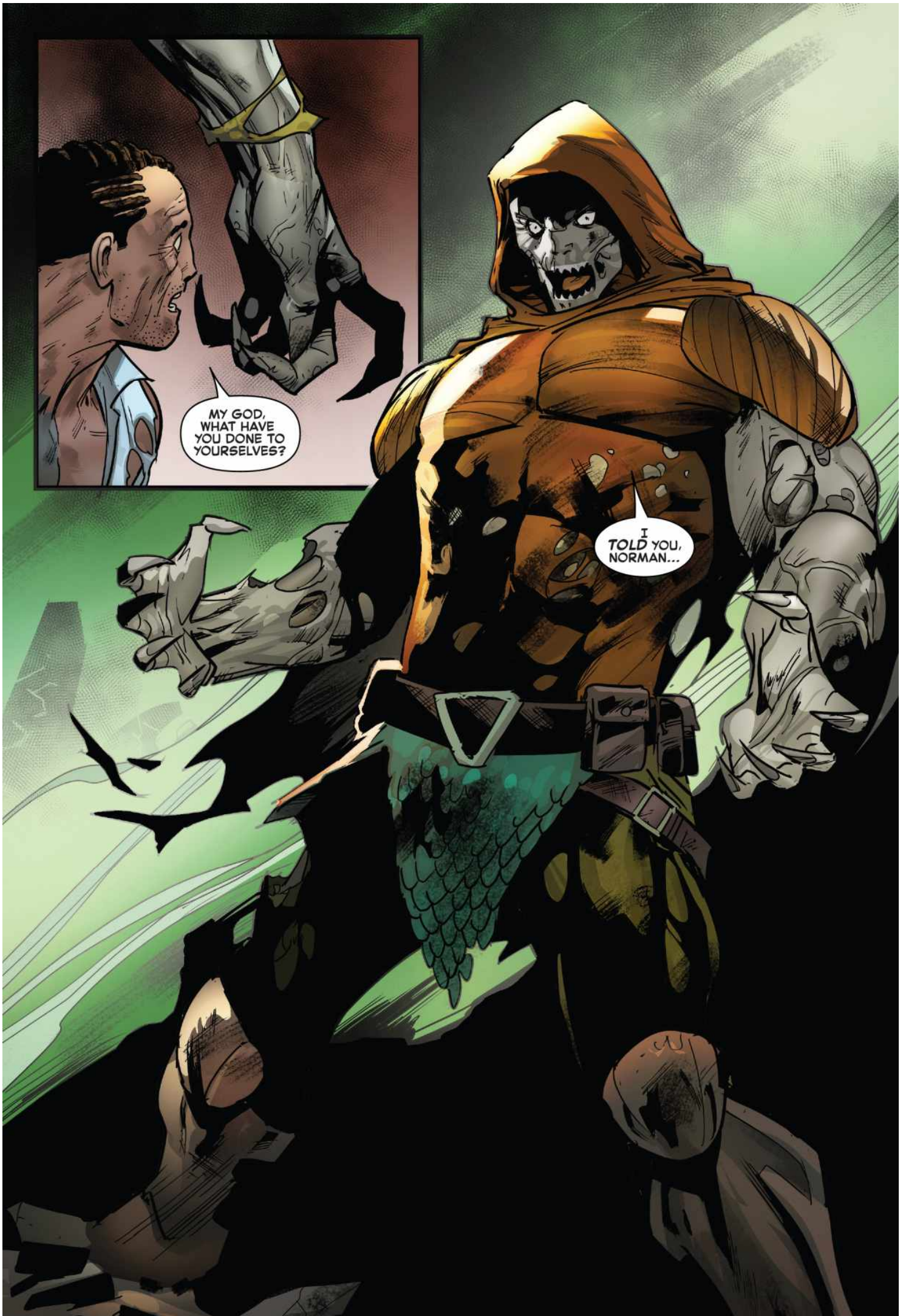






MY GOD,
WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE TO
YOURSELVES?

I
TOLD YOU,
NORMAN...





"...I TOLD YOU
WE'D BE READY
FOR YOUR RED
ASSASSIN!"

COME ON
OUT. IT'S
OKAY.

I'M SORRY
I GOT MAD
AT YOU.



I KNOW THOSE GOBLIN CREEPS HAVE
POP-POP, AND I KNOW THEY'RE IN THE
SEWERS, BUT I CAN'T FIND HIM
WITHOUT YOU.

NNNEED
RRAAASCAL?

YES.

POP-POP HAS A
CODEX, RIGHT? A TRACE
OF SYMBIOTE FROM WHEN
HE WAS RED GOBLIN...A
SMELL, LIKE BLOOD IN
THE WATER.

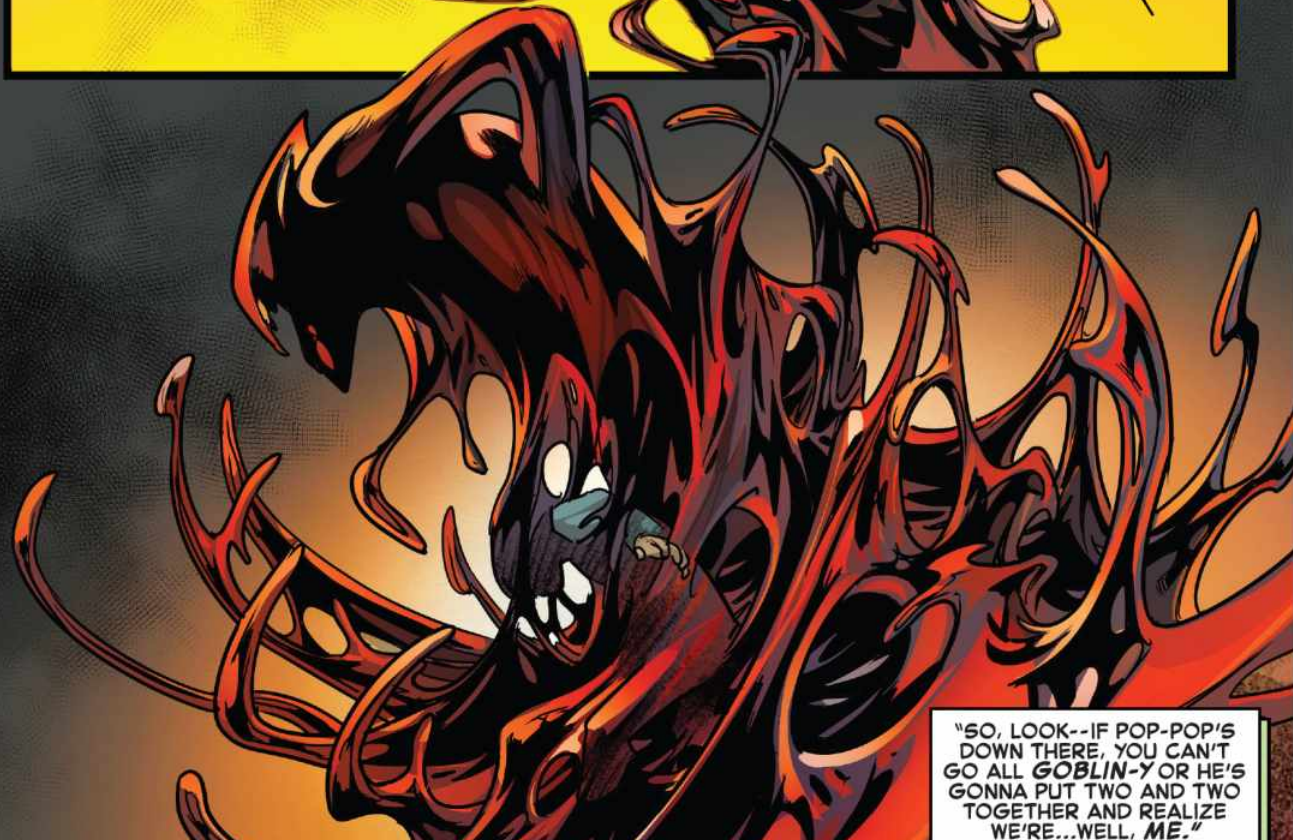
RRAAASCALL
F#FIND???



RASCAL
FIND.
EXACTLY.

CAN
YOU DO
IT?

...
YESSSSSS...



"SO, LOOK--IF POP-POP'S
DOWN THERE, YOU CAN'T
GO ALL *GOBLIN-Y* OR HE'S
GONNA PUT TWO AND TWO
TOGETHER AND REALIZE
WE'RE...WELL, *ME*."



THAT MEANS
YOU'VE GOT TO
HOLD IT TOGETHER
DOWN THERE, NO
MATTER WHAT.
COOL?

NO
MMATTER
WHAT.

WELL--ALL
RIGHT, THEN!!!
LET'S GO SAVE
POP-POP!





WH-WHAT IS THIS? WHAT'S HAPPENING?!

MYAAAAARGGH!!

TERRIFIC. ANOTHER ONE OF POP-POP'S ENDLESS PARADE OF WANNABES AND TRIBUTE ACTS.

BUT THIS ONE'S DIFFERENT--AND I'M NOT JUST TALKING ABOUT THE *SMELL*.



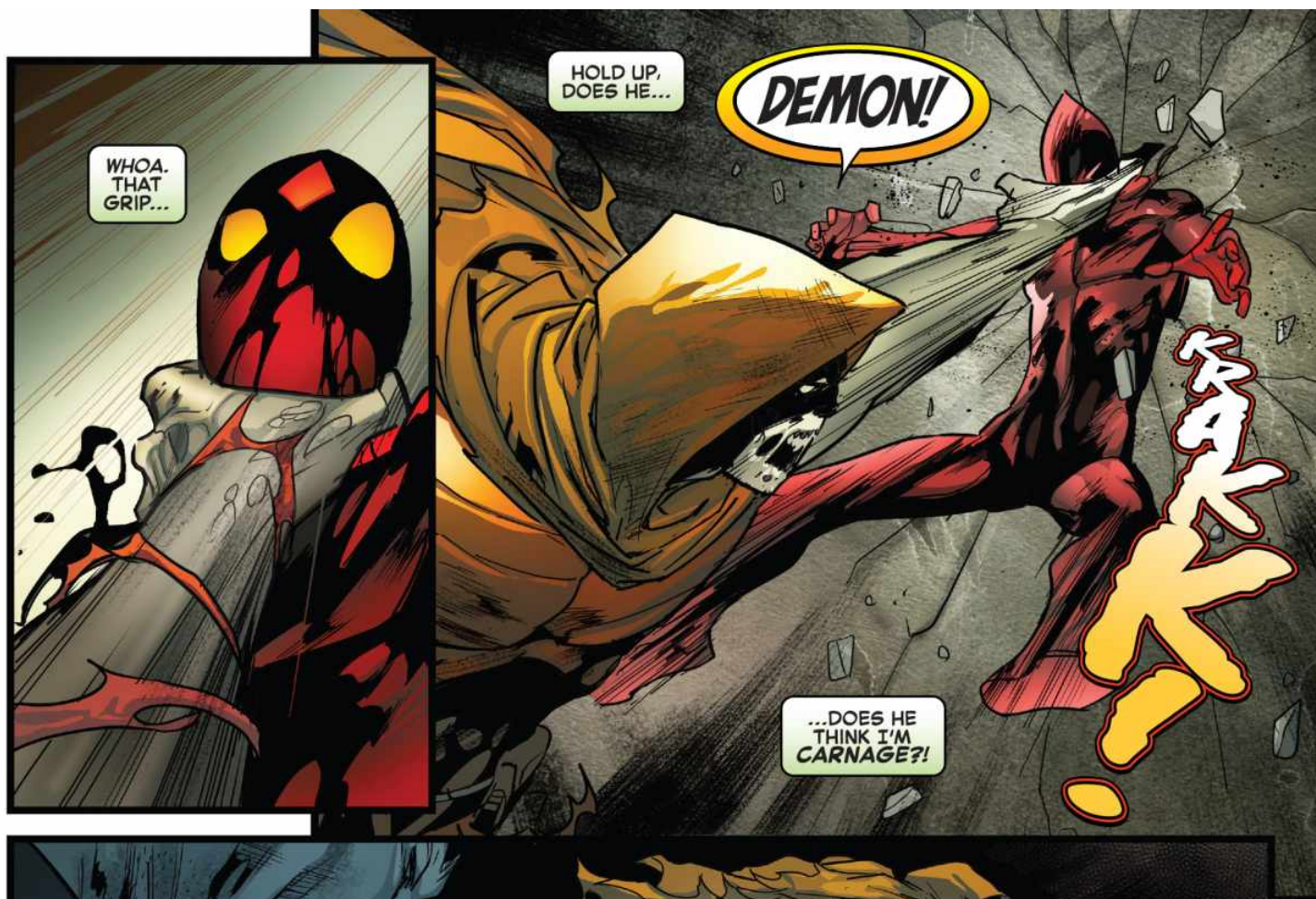
THIS ONE'S LOOKING AT ME LIKE I KILLED HIS DOG.

YOU...

...YOU DON'T FOOL ME WITH THAT SHINY, EXPRESSIONLESS MASK.



I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE! I WON'T LET YOU TAKE THIS FROM ME!



WHOA.
THAT
GRIP...

HOLD UP,
DOES HE...

DEMON!

...DOES HE
THINK I'M
CARNAGE?!



KNEW
YOU'D COME.
YOU ALWAYS
DO.

EVERY TIME
I CLOSE MY EYES,
THERE YOU ARE!!!



I'M GOING
TO **PEEL**
THAT THING
OFF YOU.

GKK!



NNNNORMIE,
LET ME BE
FREE.



OKAY,
RASCAL.
OKAY.



I'M SO
SORRY ABOUT...
ABOUT ALL
OF IT.

TRY NOT TO
TALK, SIR, LET'S
GET YOU OUT
OF HERE.

OKAY, WE'RE
DEFINITELY
CIRCLING BACK
TO THIS.

**GET BACK
HERE!**

UUUGHH!

SKREEEEEEEEEEE!

NNNOORMMIEEE!!!
MAKE IT STOPPP!!!

SONIC ATTACK.
PAINFUL TO ME,
LETHAL TO
RASCAL.

AND IT'S ONLY
NOW THAT
I REALIZE...

...I WANT
MY MOM.







YOU'RE LOOKIN'
AT THE ALL-NEW,
ALL-DIFFERENT
GOBLIN NATION,
SON...

...AND
YOU'RE *OURS*
NOW.

OKAY, RASCAL,
ON SECOND
THOUGHT, NOW
MIGHT BE A PRETTY
GOOD TIME TO
FLIP OUT.

RED GOBLIN



#3

